

## LUNN'S WEEKLY

VOL. I. No. 1

TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1911

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## POLICE MAKE TWO ARRESTS!

## OBJECTIONABLE PHOTOGRAPH FORMS SUBJECT OF COURT INQUIRY

Constable Now Searching For the Principal Malfactor in This Most Disreputable Infraction of the Law

Up to last evening the local police were working on an obscene picture case, and up to last night had made two arrests, with a third one minutely inspected.

It would seem Inspector of License, W. R. Geldert, was the prime mover in the case.

A few days ago the picture came into the hands of Mr. Geldert.

He then got busy and investigated, and swore out warrants for the arrest of a man named Melanson and a Mrs. Ettinger, the negative of the picture, and Fielding McKenzie, the photographer.

Melanson, who belongs to Weymouth, Digby County, was arrested in Truro Thursday evening, while McKenzie was arrested at Burton Station, on the Midland yesterday morning, by Officer Cribb, who was accompanied by Inspector Geldert.

After arresting McKenzie officer Cribb handed him over to Inspector Geldert, who brought him to Truro and locked him up. He proceeded to Kennetcook in search of the woman, whose husband, it is said, is living at working in the lumber woods near there.

The picture was taken in a house occupied by Henry Brown, in the northwest part of Truro.

Mrs. Brown admitted to Mr. Geldert that the picture was taken in their house.

It is said both the woman and Melanson were intoxicated when the picture was taken.

McKenzie is but 21 years of age and a sort of easy going chap.

He belongs to Halifax County.

He felt badly when arrested, as did Melanson, who is also young.

Much sympathy is expressed for McKenzie.

The woman is said to be an old stager and to have been mixed up in the coat stealing case recently tried in Truro, when two young men were sentenced to Dorchester for terms.

Several copies of the picture were made and distributed about town.

Officers Waller and McAuliffe also interested themselves in the case.

All concerned are desiring of praise for their promptness in the matter.

Obscene literature and pictures are a serious moral crime, one that is punishable by from two to five years in the penitentiary.

## Train Delayed

Owing to the breaking of a journal the Midland express due here at 7.30 Tuesday night, did not arrive until 5.30 Wednesday morning.

## Hon. B. F. Pearson

Hon. B. F. Pearson arrived in town last evening and will remain three or four days. He is the guest of sisters-in-law, Mrs. McLellan and Miss Reading.

## Small Pay

## Causes Loss

## WINDSOR MILL CLOSED

Short End Wages Causes Death of Help.

WINDSOR, April 14.—Mr. Bishop, manager of the Dominion Textile's cotton mill here, received orders yesterday to close down the mill at this place. The reason assigned is shortage of help, it being impossible to obtain sufficient labor to operate the mill on a paying basis. The loss financially to Windsor will be greatly deplored by the merchants and business men generally. The payroll amounts to \$2,500 fortnightly.

Shortage of help. Why, certainly; but the shortage of help came through a short-end wage.

The wage-slaves are learning the lessons of freedom. The cotton operators, and all others of that ilk, want the low wage and the big dividend.

## New Business

Mr. L. W. Johnson has resigned from the I. R. C. mechanical department and has opened up a plumbing business in the Currie building, Prince street.

Say, if all one hears is true it will be just as well to submit that beer question to the Hague. That is what they do when the powers cannot agree.

By the way, it is now beginning to look as though Truro would have a black and white band of music this year.

Marshall Archibald and men have been making some repairs to Senator McKay's building, Inglis street.

The detectives were on the wrong scent when they trailed the handcart with the tea and other groceries in it.

Alderman Hubley, Halifax, has the courage of his convictions.

They say it is cold over east, much more so than here.

The paving on Prince street is in prime condition.

## A Candidate Ready and Willing!

C. W. Lunn takes this opportunity of announcing to the electors of Colchester that he will be an independent candidate for a seat in the Nova Scotia House of Assembly for the said county in the forthcoming Provincial elections.

His position and policy will be defined in the next issue of LUNN'S WEEKLY.

It can be taken for granted that he will stand for the best interests of the masses of the people, particularly the working classes, which class he has spent a lifetime in supporting.

The next issue of LUNN'S WEEKLY will fully define his position in respect to policy.

## Militia Training Camp Dates

The Aldershot Camp Will Assemble in Two Sections, in August and in Sept.

OTTAWA, April 14.—The militia orders issued to-day announce the dates of the various militia training camps this summer. The Aldershot camp will assemble in two sections, of August and September 12th, as follows:—

CAVALRY:—  
14th Hussars, August 29.  
Corps of guides detachments, November 8, 9, 12; September 12.

INFANTRY:—  
Royal Canadian regiment, one company, August 29, and September 17.

8th regiment, August 29.  
9th regiment, August 29.  
10th regiment, September 12.

11th regiment, September 12.  
12th regiment, September 12.  
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97th regiment, August 29.  
98th regiment, August 29.

99th regiment, August 29.  
100th regiment, August 29.

## COALWORKERS MAKE THREAT

WON'T WITHDRAW FROM NOVA SCOTIA UNTIL FINAL STRUGGLE IS MADE

President White of U M W Intends to Follow Policy of His Predecessors in Office.

A gentleman in a position to know what he is talking about, who arrived in town last night from one of the loading coal mining districts, informed a representative of this paper that the miners of Nova Scotia are planning, in fact preparing for a general strike and that it will be called in the very near future under the auspices of the United Mine Workers of America.

He said that the members of the organization are bound no matter what the financial cost to compel the operators of Nova Scotia to recognize the union.

He declared that \$100,000 was sent out of Canada to defeat President Lewis, but that his defeat did not spell defeat for the members of the union in Nova Scotia, for his successor, President White, was just as ardent supporter of the cause of the Nova Scotia miners as Lewis was.

It will be a fight to a finish, and a bitter one.

In conclusion he said the cause of International unionism is growing throughout the mining districts of Nova Scotia.

## Very Busy.

The Maritime Engineering and Machine Company, Truro, are very busy these days.

The boiler shop is overtaxed with work, while the machine shop is busy.

## Fishing Notes

Getting the fever?

Liquid bait is said to be good for fishing through the ice.

Anybody catch a trout on good Friday? Now don't all lie at once.

## Too Much of a Good Thing

Bill—"Say, Bob got the provisions for the fishing trip?"

BOB—"Yes."

BILL—"How much?"

BOB—"Six bottles of whiskey and two loaves of bread."

BILL—"Tutt man, you've got too much bread."

## County Council

The April session of the County Council will convene next Tuesday.

## Dry Town.

They say Truro is a dry town.

## Squibs of News

## Buffet Service on I. C. R. Through Trains.

The announcement is made that the Intercolonial Railway will extend the buffet service to several of its through trains that do not carry dining cars.

## Personal

Many friends regret the serious illness from pneumonia of Mr. Scott Henry, the genial chief engineer of the Truro Fire Department.

Mr. C. E. Gregory, Antigonish, was in Truro Wednesday for a short time.

Prof. Morley D. Hemeon, of Boston, a former teacher in the Truro Academy, is in town.

Mayor Stuart and Mr. G. E. M. Lewis are expected home from Brownville, Maine, tonight.

## The Oil wells

Mr. Stover, manager of the Eastern Oil and Gas Company, Lake Ainslie, C. B., passed through Truro last evening to Halifax, to attend a meeting of the Company.

Mr. F. G. Wheaton, C. E., Moncton, President of the Company, passed through on No. 34.

## Hospital Movement

Papers are in circulation among the industrial and commercial houses asking the employees to pledge one day's pay a year toward the support of a public hospital.

## A Merger

It is announced that the peg and ribbon wood works of Lewis Bros. at Brownville, Maine, and Lewisville, Halifax county, will merge with one or two American firms.

## Death Mr. Davison.

Mr. Davison, the well known nurse, died at his home, West Prince street, Wednesday. The funeral took place yesterday.

## You Takes Your Choice.

If you do not wish to pay 5 cents a copy for this paper you may have it for \$1.00 in advance.

## Just a Rumor

It is rumored that a prominent Truro hotel is about to pass into new hands.

## Easter Music

There will be the usual Easter music in the churches tomorrow.

## LUNN'S WEEKLY

To be Published every Saturday by the LUNN PUBLISHING CO.  
Subscription, \$1.00 per year, payable in advance.

Single copies, 5 cents.  
Office, Inglis Street, Truro, N. S.  
C. W. LUNN,  
Editor and Proprietor

TRURO, N. S., APRIL 15, 1911

## INTRODUCTORY.

## To the Reading Public.

Permit us to introduce you to LUNN'S WEEKLY, and to solicit a share of your patronage on its behalf.

As will be noticed it does not make much pretensions as to size, but we feel sure that what it lacks in size will be fully made up in animation.

We feel sure a careful perusal of its pages will convince you that the last statement is quite within the realms of established fact.

We have no apologies to offer for its appearance in the field of local journalism.

The editor and manager is British born, and a Canadian, but first, last and all the time a Nova Scotian, a patriot of the land of his nativity.

Being out of employment owing to certain circumstances which will not be discussed at this time, he believes it to be his right and privilege to take advantage of the one opportunity at hand to earn a livelihood, viz; journalism, hence the appearance of LUNN'S WEEKLY.

Our advent into the field of journalism was not altogether a matter of choice, but rather one of necessity, contingent upon one circumstance over which no control was had.

Were it not for that circumstance—a physical matter—we would gladly choose some of the many strenuous means of livelihood, even wielding the pick, and shovel were it necessary; for honest labor is no disgrace.

But the die was cast years ago, on the threshold of young manhood, and now in the serene of life we will pursue it while physical and mental ability responds to the effort to earn an honest living.

So much for that. LUNN'S WEEKLY will aim to be a paper for the people.

We shall aim to publish local news that is news, unawed by fear or favour.

In politics we are glad of the opportunity to be a free lance rather than a party hack.

We will strive to stand for the square deal in politics, leaving ourselves free to support a Liberal or Conservative, whichever ever we think is

in the best interest of the people.

Political deals will find no support in LUNN'S WEEKLY, and we will oppose the election of the political dealer no matter if he be Grit or Tory.

We will strive to stand for all that makes for the best interest of the people, of all classes and creeds, rich and poor.

We have a free hand. This paper is controlled by no political party or clique.

Such as it is, it is the undisputed property of its publisher and editor,

C. W. LUNN.

## RECIPROCITY.

Owing to a resolution adopted by a very large majority at the recent session of the Nova Scotia legislature, endorsing reciprocity, it is quite reasonable to believe that great question will cut ice in the nearby provincial election.

It is up to the people of this province to approach the question with an open mind.

Conservatives should not spurn it simply on the ground that it is being negotiated by a federal liberal government.

They, and all others should face the question from the standpoint of the home land, the dear old Mayflower land.

They should study the question dispassionately.

It may be the panacea for our vacant farms, because it may open up larger markets.

If it may, then we want it, for it will mean increase of population, and greater population increase means greater prosperity.

We are not prepared to say that it will, but so far as LUNN'S WEEKLY is concerned we want the question discussed on its merits, not from the standpoint of political party bias.

Any person who cannot face the issue with a mind freed from party bias can scarcely play the role of the patriot.

## STAY HOME YOUNG MEN

Still they go.

Who?

Our people—Blue Noses—to the west.

Within two weeks fully fifty have embarked at Truro for the land of the golden grain fields, fifteen from Truro, and yet more are preparing to go.

What are you going to do about it?

Mind you, they are not middle aged or aged people that are going, but the rather young men, the bone and sinew of the country.

For many years we Nova Scotians have contributed our

share to the building up of the west.

Now we are paying toll to that country in flesh and blood, bone and sinew.

On two occasions the editor of this paper, writing in the press, said that if Nova Scotia did not receive fairer play at the hands of the people of Western Canada, she would become the Ireland of this Dominion.

We broaden the statement now. We now include the Maritime Provinces; Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick.

The 34 federal representatives of these provinces should know no political lines—no Grit or Tory; but they should stand shoulder to shoulder for justice for the Maritime Provinces.

What think you, gentle readers?

Sit down and think it over.

34 united members led by Hon. W. S. Fielding, and Mr. R. L. Borden could accomplish much good for these neglected provinces.

We have helped to build one trans-Canada road and are helping to build two others, all for the benefit of the west.

Not yet more than forty years under civilized rule; while in this old province, bordering on to nearly 200 years of civilized rule, many of our people have to put up with the primeval stage coach for communication with the outside world.

Not a dollar for railways for those people, but millions for the west.

Think it over.

## WELL SATISFIED.

Speaking to a railway man, an I. R. C. employe, one day not long since, he remarked that he had no fault to find with the present Dominion government, that in the matter of wages they had treated his branch of the service well.

He was an old guard employe too, mind you, not one of those appointed by the present government.

There is a good deal of force in what he says. A Conservative government may have treated the I. R. C. employes just as well in the matter of wages, but the fact is the present government has treated them well.

Honor to whom honor is due.

## Many Accidents.

Owing to the frost coming out there have been several quite serious accidents on the I. R. C. of late, but fortunately there was no loss of life, or no person seriously injured. In fact the road seems to be getting on remarkably well.

## Why Roast The Umpire?

Grandstand Players Often Kill Public Interest in Good Base Ball

Muck-a-Mucks of the M. P. A. A. A.—Should Remember Truro Is on the Map

BY "RAS."

In the Spring the young man's fancy Always turns to thoughts of ball, With the home-runs, hits and put-outs, Errors, curves and pitchers tall. While the youths are talking "Reach" gloves,

Uniforms and "Spalding" bats, Their lady friends are talking Of their brand new Easter hats.

Believe me, friends, when at last the good kind Mr. Weatherman decides to allow us to really have a nice warm Spring day, the boys will again reach behind the kitchen doors and bring out last year's gloves, where they threw them after gazing on Sunday's snow storm.

Then, when the streets have become dry, the Fan, on his way home to see what the neighbors have brought in for dinner, will have to duck a fast in-shoot as it zips past his head.

The small boy will be on the job, and the familiar cry of "Scrub one, scrub two," will ring out, having no reference whatever to wash day or tub night, but to an abbreviated form of base ball.

Then players and has-beens will gather on some sunny street corner and replay last season's games.

Then will you hear of the proposed new East End club; and perhaps if you are fortunate enough to be on the inside, you will be introduced to the new importations who are to do a Truro uniform and battle for the town of their adoption.

For, Old Scout, base ball will be here with both feet, and if you don't get the bug before the summer is over you should be able to give a good impersonation of an ossified man.

Then, it's gather up your sluggers And gather up your bats; Go join the bunch of ball fiends And hear the grand stand wits, As they roast the other players, And make their lives a cage; Just imagine, tho, the umpire, He must feel a whole lot worse.

For he hears the awful murmur As the Fans get good and mad, When he calls a strike that's over Just "six inches to the bad," Or "the man is out at second" When the boys yelled "good slide, Pere."

Just imagine the poor umpire, He must feel a whole lot worse.

Yes, we admit it cheerfully, the above is pretty raw; but Pard, did you ever try to umpire a ball game.

The fellows who sit in the grandstand and tell the man with the indicator how it should be done, have no idea what a pleasant (?) job it is.

Just imagine standing out before a large crowd with the destinies of a club's base ball hopes in the corner of your hand; also the destiny of sundry bunches of good Canadian coin that staunch supporters have backed the team of their hearts with.

Just imagine hearing the roars of anger, hate, abuse and other "back talk" that is wasted to you on the still evening breezes, when you call the smashing drive to right field a "foul" or the runner safe at the plate, when the Fans on the topmost row in the stand "feel sure" he is out, and are

beating their derbies on one another's heads, and telling all the world that you are a pin-head and couldn't tell a fair base hit from an election slap on the shoulder.

Get it's fierce to hear the Knocker As he chants his tale of woe, Of the blank out-look of base ball, And the fate of Semi-pro. But when the Booster hits the trail, You hear a different cry, You never know what's going to go Until you've made a try.

When the high Muck-a-mucks of the M. P. A. A. at last decide to call a meeting of that august body, base ball followers all over the country will watch with interest the stand they'll take in regard to the semi-professional proposition.

The Fans want fast ball and intend to have it; but the Truro enthusiasts hardly know where they stand because the Halifax Herald and other sporting sheets seem to have run away with the idea that our town is not on the base ball map.

If some of the Halifax, New Glasgow and Amherst teams will just look up a few of the score sheets of former games with our boys, the fact of a good percentage of Truro victories over the bright young men of these towns might jog the sport writers' minds that the Hub teams can play some ball and are deserving of at least recognition if a league is to be formed; not only on account of our central location, but of the fact that we have the finest athletic grounds in the Maritime Provinces.

Do you get that?

"RAS"

## VERNON &amp; COMPANY PURCHASE PROPERTY

Will Locate Their Up-to-date Business Corner of Prince and Forrester Sts.

It is understood that Vernon & Co., Truro up-to-date furniture dealers, has purchased from Mr. Frank Stanfield the McDonald property, corner of Prince and Forrester streets. The firm will remodel the building with a large up-to-date store.

This firm is one of the most progressive in Truro. By keeping first class goods it has won the confidence of all with whom it has come in contact.

LUNN'S WEEKLY wishes it every future success.

TRURO PEOPLE MAY SELL GOLD MINE FOR \$30,000.

Gentlemen Representing English and Australian Capitalists.

Recently Looked the Property Over.

Mr. P. W. Gillingwater arrived from Porcupine, Ontario, recently with a number of mining men, representing English and Australian capitalists, and accompanied them to Guysboro County to look over some properties owned by Truro people.

It is understood they will recommend the purchasing of one of these mines at \$30,000 figure.

It is said work on the new I. R. C. station building here will commence about June 1st.

## Local Pot Sizzles a Bit

POLITICAL SITUATION IN COLCHESTER COUNTY

Lib-Cons. Will Have Search for Candidates on 21st Inst.

Some Say Dave Hill Will Lead the Poll

Colchester Liberal-Conservatives have called a nominating convention for the purpose of nominating candidates for the provinces. It is called for April 21st.—Friday next.

The reason stated for the call is that Mr. G. W. Stuart will not accept the nomination tendered him last August, when he and Mr. Stanfield were nominated.

As a matter of fact Mr. Stuart decided not to run fully six months ago, and gave due notice to that effect.

It is not known if Mr. Stanfield will run or not, but there are those who say he may.

Like the old story of "Japhet in search of a father," the party leaders are in search of candidates.

Ex-Mayor W. K. Murray has been approached, but it is said he has positively declined to run.

The names of Mr. G. E. M. Lewis and Warden Kennedy have also been mentioned.

Those who know say Mr. Lewis positively will not run.

The Liberals have not as yet called a convention; but no doubt will in the near future.

It is likely that when they do, the present members, Hon. B. F. Pearson and Mr. W. D. Hill will be nominated, though it is no secret that Hon. Mr. Pearson will not be an unanimous choice of his party; while Mr. Hill is a hot favourite, though he is known to be loyal to Mr. Pearson.

Indeed there is said to be bunches of money waiting about to the effect that Mr. Hill will lead the poll no matter who runs on either side.

There, you have all LUNN'S WEEKLY knows about the matter at present.

But more anon.

## From The West.

Conductor Archie McDonald, of the G. T. R., Wainwright, Alberta, is in town visiting his brother, Mr. Murdoch McDonald, of the I. R. C. Mr. McDonald was a former I. R. C. brakeman running out of Truro and Sydney. His many old friends are all delighted to have him with them again.

## Out Ag'in.

Glad to see Conductor Charlie Brown, of the I. R. C., who has been quite ill, able to be out again.

## Looks Like Boom.

The make shift freight house here since the fire looks like a western boom town building.

## At Work Again.

The many friends of Conductor Fred Davison are glad to see him on duty again.

**Will C. P. R. Take D. A. R.?**

There is Said to be a Hitch In the Negotiations

Some London Shareholders Hold On Too Firmly

Will they take it over? Who? The C. P. R. Take what over? The D. A. R. Well it is this way. It was said they would take it over the first of this month, but they haven't so far as any formal proceedings are concerned. The trouble is said to be over some of the London shareholders of the old company. They are said to be holding on and that nothing less than a "freeze out" will dislodge them. If the story is true they are like the dog in the manger, that couldn't eat the hay and wouldn't let the cow eat it. They cannot run the road themselves, and will not permit those to run it who can run it. The travelling public demand a change in the train service of the D. A. R. It has become obsolete. The locomotive service, with but few exceptions, is rag tag and bob tail. It is time for a change.

**A Sad Mission**

Conductor James Craigie, I. R. C., Sydney, was in Truro yesterday on a sad mission. He was en route to St. John to meet the remains of his mother, who died in Portland, Maine, Thursday. This good old old mother in Israel had reached the great age of 92 years. The body was taken to the old home in Merrigomish, Pictou County, for burial. Deceased was a former resident of Truro. Jimmy and other members of the family have the sympathy of hosts of friends in their sad parting, in which LUNN'S WEEKLY joins.

**Much Better.**

Conductor Tom Johnson, who has not been in good health for a long time, is now much better, much to the delight of his many friends. It is all due to a new treatment.

**Not Particular**

WAITER—"What will you have, sir?" CUSTOMER—"I'll have some chicken, I guess." WAITER—"What part of the chicken do you prefer?" CUSTOMER—"The meat."

**Father Knew.**

CURIOS CHARLEY—"Do nuts grow on trees, father?" Father—"They do, my son." Curious Charley—"Then what tree does the doughnut grow on?" Father—"The panty, my son."

**I PAY CASH.**

I pay cash for second handed furniture and household effects, ROSS ARCHIBALD, Prince Street.

**Fine Specimen! Early May Date For Election**

MOUNTED BY TRURO'S CLEVER TAXIDERMIST AND MAY GO TO PROVINCIAL MUSEUM.

**Dead Moose That Looks The Real Living Animal.**

Truro has a Clever taxidermist Mr. H. C. Cruickshank, whose place of business is in the Currie store, Prince Street. He is a graduate of Nature's college. He simply took up the art as a matter of course, just as naturally as a duck takes to water. There are some fine specimens of his work in his shop, which win the praise of all who see them. He has just completed the mounting of a moose, a male, two years old, shot last fall in the Greenfield woods by Mr. Os. Reid, of Harmony. This is said to be the first work of the kind ever undertaken in Nova Scotia, and those in a position to know, who have seen it, pronounce it an excellent piece of work. The chief game commissioner of the province, Mr. J. A. Knight, saw it Monday and was delighted with it. Mr. Cruickshank expects to sell the mount to the local government for the Provincial museum in Halifax. He is asking \$100 for it. Experts say that is a moderate charge. There is also in Mr. Cruickshank's store a moose head having the unique feature of four palms (on the horns). This moose was shot in the Gynsboro woods by Mr. Abner Hingley, of Hilden, Colchester County. Mr. Knight, the chief game commissioner of the province, secured it and exhibited it at the sportsmen's show in New York last winter.

**Easter Meats.**

As usual Ross' meat market, Outram Street, are right up-to-date. An unusual show of good Easter meats is in evidence, beef, pork, lamb, mutton and fowl.

Recently the firm purchased 21 head of fine cattle, fed on Mr. W. J. Kent's fine stock farm at Lower Truro. There were ten pairs of steers and a cow. Two pairs of steers were killed for the Easter trade and dressed close to 3000 pounds.

Ross' customers will certainly have the choice of some toothsome morsels, as usual.

**Attending to Business**

POLICEMAN—"What is your business?" PRISONER—"I am a locksmith." POLICEMAN—"Well, what were you doing up in that gambling joint we just raided?" PRISONER—"I was making a bolt for the door just as you came in."

**A Useful Animal**

"Do you know that your dog bit my mother-in-law yesterday?" "No; is that so? Well, I suppose you will sue me for damages?" "Not at all. What will you take for the dog?"

**Premier Murray May Have Given to Lunn's Weekly**

A Bit of Public Information That He Did Not Intend.

Premier Murray passed through Truro Thursday en route from Ottawa to Halifax. Asked as to the possible date of the election, he replied that it had not yet been decided upon. He however intimated that they would be pulled off so as not to interfere with seeding operations. Reading between the lines this would seem to indicate that polling day will be either the 9th or 16th of May. Bear those dates in mind and thus ascertain how far LUNN'S WEEKLY is astray in its political prognostications. One thing is sure, the politicians on both sides of the political divide are getting busy. Well, keep a rustling and a hustling gentlemen.

**Natural Deduction**

"Faith, 'tis wonderful times we're living in these days," some one remarked to Jones the other day. "They're sending messages now without wires or poles." "Sure it is wonderful," replied Jones. "The way things are going, one of these days we'll be able to travel without leaving home at all, at all."

**Not the Peal Kind**

"They tell me that in Turkey a man doesn't see his wife's face until after they are married." "That's right." "And they do their flirting after marriage?" "They have to. They can't do it before." "Imagine flirting with a husband!" "Yes; your own husband."

**Curious Impediment**

"While coming down in the subway this morning I noticed two deaf and dumb men sitting opposite me. One of them had an impediment in his speech." "How could a deaf and dumb man have an impediment in his speech?" "Two of his fingers were cut off."

**American Style**

"Are you a married man?" "I don't know; the jury is still out."

**DRINK BUTTERMILK**

ROSS ARCHIBALD has it on draught fresh every day from the country.

**YOUNG PIGS FOR SALE.**

Apply at ROSS' MEAT MARKET, Outram Street.

**What the Moon Man Believes**

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT

By the "Man in the Moon." The man in the moon sees many funny things.

To be sure, he cannot see them every night.

But wait till the clouds roll away; then he sees.

He says, early as it is, moonlight walks in the park are on for the season.

He is of the opinion that a "Curfew Bell" would be a good thing in this town of churches and seat of education.

He thinks that if manhood and womanhood are a valuable asset to the country, that church and state should take an interest in it.

He is not fighting with the law, but he believes the gospel would be more effective if practiced as it is preached.

He sees deceit practiced under the guise of the law and the gospel.

He believes the clergymen are faithful in their preaching, but that many church members are unfaithful in their practices.

He believes the almighty dollar is more powerful than the Almighty in far too many cases, in this so-called Christian country.

He is wondering what has become of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in looking after the welfare of girls who come to this town from countryside homes to earn a living.

He knows that parents in the countryside homes are wondering if the W. C. T. U. and professing Christians of Truro are doing their duty by those girls within their gates.

**Somewhat in Doubt**

An absent-minded man was wending his way unsteadily homeward about 4 o'clock one morning. He was soliloquizing.

"I wish I wasn't—hic—so absent-minded. I can't remember the life of me—hic—whether my wife told me to have—hic—three drinks and be home at 10 o'clock or to have ten drinks—hic—and be home at—hic—and he fell asleep in his tracks."

**No Loss To Him.**

THE MARKETER—"Aren't you wasting a good deal of that steak in trimming it?" THE BUTCHER—"No, ma'am; I weighed it first."

**WHAT SHE SHOWS.**

"The girl who likes to be seen on the street in a thirty mile gale shows poor taste." "Perhaps so; but she shows good form."

**The Whole Thing**

"Where were you born?" "I was born in America." "What part?" "All of me."

**Jamaica Ginger.**

That's the Stuff Which Did the Awful Thing.

**DID WHAT?**

Well, here is the story, by paragraphs.

Two thirsty ones came to town. Owing to the vigilance of "Bill" and "Pat" (the two inspectors,) they found it difficult to slake that awful thirst.

They discovered some innocent cider in a certain saloon, of which they imbibed quite freely, with the result that both became "tangle-legged."

Later on they were "pinched," but they protested that it was on cider obtained at the saloon in question.

However, the police investigated and learned that before going to partake of the "blood of the apple" they first went to a drug store and secured one or more bottles of Jamaica Ginger, and poured a portion of this favorite New England local-option liquid into each drink of cider they imbibed.

Hence the drunk.

What! Jamaica Ginger make you drunk? Sure.

But, say, don't try it to prove the correctness of our statement.

You will feel better next morning.

Jamaica Ginger contains a large percentage of—of—of—the old time joy-water used by Bacchus, the god of hilarity.

So do lots of other patent medicines.

Don't talk temperance-law enforcement and preach temperance, if you patronize and indulge in drugs of that kind.

Don't parade your temperance virtues under a patent-medicine cloak.

The good Lord has more respect, according to our theology, for the misguided one who takes the real stuff, providing he has it come from Halifax or St. John, marked "personal."

**THE NEW I. R. C. FREIGHT HOUSE.**

Where will it be located? Those who should know, say on the block bounded by Railway Esplanade, Forrester, Victoria and Young streets. This would mean the purchase of the Captain Murray, Lewis, James D. Ross, the Mutual Training and other properties.

The location is a good one. No fault can be found in that respect. The government would do the right thing by Truro in locating the new freight house there.

It would be ideal from the standpoint of location. It would be easy of access.

**Taught Her A Lesson.**

SUBURBAN HOUSEWIFE—"Look here, now, young man, you promised that if I would give you your dinner you would mow the lawn for me."

THE HOBO—"I'd like to, ma'am, but I gotta teach you a lesson. Never trust the word of a total stranger."

**Good Mates Good Progeny**

IS FARMER'S THEORY OF GOOD BREEDING THE CURE

Officers ran across a sad case one day last week, two boys, mere children, drunk.

It seems a man went to Halifax and brought home several bottles purchased in the licensed places in that city.

The story is that the boys got in touch with the booze and became drunk.

They are not of that class of children who are looked after by the Sunday Schools, and Bands of Hope, not even the Y. M. C. A.

They are what are known as the waifs of the street, the children of the unfortunate poor who live in what can be termed the slums of this little town of churches, and seat of provincial education. Poor and wretched they may be, but just the same they are human.

They have souls, and like the sparrows are not lost sight of by the great God of our universe.

Christian men and women of Truro, if the parents are the victims of circumstances, He has entrusted them to your keeping.

Wonder if we are not practicing more law than gospel in this town.

Over there on the government farm on Bible Hill we are willingly being taxed to improve the breed of horses, cows and hogs, but not a dollar to improve the breed of humanity.

In the name of revenue getting we see permits for degenerates to marry.

Ministers of the gospel carry out the imposts of those permits with the result that like begets like.

Oh! Lord, and all this in the name of our boasted civilization and christianity.

Kick LUNN'S WEEKLY if you will, for speaking thus plainly, but we don't mind the kick, if we can arouse God's professed chosen to a sense of their duty towards God's unfortunate.

Tomorrow there will be sung in our churches the grand truth, "He Is Risen."

Have you the risen spirit? Do you practice it? If not, why not? Think it over.

**The Cynical Farmer.**

PHOTOGRAPHER—"I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm."

FARMER—"Did you catch my laborers in motion?"

PHOTOGRAPHER—"I think so." FARMER—"Ah, well, science is a wonderful thing!"

## Harmony Legislature in Session.

### PREMIER WOODKING OUTLINES GOVERNMENT'S PROGRAM.

BAD LANDS, April 14th.—The stormiest meeting of the Harmony Legislature and largest attendance since the flood, took place last night—when the Premier, Sir R. Woodking, arose to speak on the budget.

His speech was fiery, in fact full of lightning.

He said much good and wholesome legislation would be dealt with, such as reciprocity in buttermilk and cordwood, temperance legislation, extension of the Long Swamp railway, public utilities on electric moors, water and progress of trade and commerce, downfall of tin top beer, cider, and hypocrisy on the half-shill; liquid ammunition and the drouth, contra hand goods and hobble skirts and barrel top hats, hip pocket trade, and unlimited increased assessment; fire protection, enlargement of the fleet at Barron Lake Harbor, and the standing army at the Imperial Capital.

The Premier said it would be necessary to borrow two million five hundred yens to carry out these great schemes.

He said he would not take up the time of the House in discussing all the proposed schemes in detail, but would content himself with touching lightly on the most important matters.

The capital, he said, was making rapid progress, but no man could foretell the end.

The Trade of Board was on the road to keeping up the price of goods in the capital, in order that the merchants might compete with Timothy Eaton and Company. (Great cheers from the galleries which caused the sergeant-at-arms to unshoath his broad-axe and call for order.)

Opposition cries:—"Long live the Trade of Board."

Continuing, the Premier said great loss was sustained by the High Imperial Government by the recent fire in the country capital.

Everything was destroyed. Had it not been for the emergency hose, kept in the building fully charged with ice, the capital might have been destroyed also.

Great excitement prevailed for a time when it became known that a quantity of liquid ammunition was contained in the burning building, contra hand goods.

Heroic efforts were made to save these goods.

(Tremendous cheering by those who take a little for their stomach's sake.)

Continuing, the Premier said the navy and standing army in the county capital had been greatly improved under the new government.

New gun boats—the "Bill" and the "Pat"—rapid firing had been put into commission.

These gun boats had attacked many of the forts and captured contraband goods while some of the insurgents had been taken prisoners of war.

The government believe a blockade runner was supplying the insurgents with goods in bond.

The blockade runner was sighted by the cruisers "Bill" and "Pat," and was captured, and forced to pay a war indemnity of 50 yens.

A craft was sighted by the cruiser "Pat" landing goods at one of the forts, run down and the goods captured, but the craft was released.

This might be a question for the Hague Peace Tribunal.

Concluding, the Premier said the House of Lords in Halifax had passed an act proclaiming a great drouth throughout Nova Scotia.

He denounced the House of Lords for this and predicted an uprising.

He said the whole country would be in arms against it.

(Hisses from the Cold Water Tribes in the gallery.)

"His if you like," retorted the Premier, "but it is the most drastic measure since the days of Noah, when the entire earth was covered with water.

(Cries of down with the House of Lords.)

## LUNN'S WEEKLY

To be Published every Saturday by the LUNN PUBLISHING CO.

Subscription, \$1.00 per year, payable in advance.

Single copies, 5 cents.

Office, Inglis Street, Truro, N. S.

C. W. LUNN, Editor and Proprietor

## Less Politics

### Boston's Needs

#### BIG NEW ENGLAND CITY NEED TO STIR ITSELF

#### Boston Men, Like Truro Men, Give West the Benefit of Doubt

Mayor Fitzgerald, who returns to City Hall to-day after a trip to Chicago and Detroit, where he studied civic problems, stopped in New York long enough to give an interview on what he thinks Boston needs.

"There is only one thing wrong with our city," he said, "and that is, the want of capital to develop local industries and manufactures. When our capitalists stop sending their money out West to develop railroads and start to use it at home to build up industries in their own city, Boston will be the leading city in the country."

"What we want in Boston is more business and less politics. There is too much ambition to hold political office in our city, and that is why it has no commercial industries like Chicago and other cities of the West."

"For the last quarter of a century," the Mayor went on to say, "our capitalists have been sending their money out West to develop railroads, and if a local manufacturer wanted money to increase his plant the bankers closed their doors on him. That is all coming to an end and I am glad of it. Seattle has shown an example in municipal ownership which other cities will follow."

"I went into an automobile factory in Chicago, where 3,000 young men were making machines at an average wage of thirty cents an hour, while thousands of our young men in Boston are standing idle at the corners of the streets, unable to get employment because they have been deprived of the opportunity because the capital of the city has been sent West."

"I was not surprised at the result of the recent elections in Chicago, as I felt all along that the Democratic wave which swept over the country a year ago was still rolling on. In the business section of Chicago there was a feeling that Merlan would win, but I told them that he had no chance, as Harrison's election was certain. Boston American."

Say, the above is a pretty good photograph of Truro.—THE EDITOR.

## JACKSON'S BOY WILL DIE

Michael Jackson, charged with shooting his son Arthur, was up for examination before Stipendiary Magistrate Crowe Thursday afternoon, and was further remanded till today, to await the result of the young man's injuries.

The doctors have not yet removed the bullet from the young man's neck, and his condition is considered critical. He lies in a partly paralyzed condition at the local hospital.

H. O. MacLachy is representing the Crown and G. H. Vernon, appeared for the elder Jackson.

## FOREST RANGER

### His Duties are Many and Arduous

#### He Must Reckon in Diary All That Happens.

Hardy, daring, resourceful, with an inborn love of the wild and an ability to do many difficult things quickly and well—these are some of the traits of one of the most picturesque characters that have been evolved by modern progress, the forest ranger.

Mention his occupation and the ninety and nine will think of him as one as a fighter of fires. He is that, it is true, but he is so very much more than his manifold achievements have been entirely overlooked. Virtually he is the ruler over a domain so large that, if made into one strip, it would stretch over all the Atlantic coast states from Maine to Florida. He is not its titular head, but in practice he's the boss.

Only since 1897 has the United States been in the forestry business, and only since that time has the forest ranger become a personality. At first, when were wooded tracts were taken over by the government, they were left practically to themselves, but as their area grew from 18,000,000 to 180,000,000 acres, it came to be realized that they constituted property of tremendous potential value; that they should not be left unprotected, and that they should at least produce enough income to be self-sustaining.

Already the timber country produces an income of several millions, one of which is for grazing rights, and it is being placed in apple pie order as rapidly as possible. The ranger is doing the work, and he has truly become the handy man in the mountains.

Here, for example, are a few of the things that rangers must be able to do: Assume the role of a cowboy, lasso cattle, "bust" broncos, and the like. Make a stagger at surveying.

Be a practical lumber-man and fell trees, stack lumber, and so on, in the quickest and most approved fashion. Show straight and true, if he values his life or his appetite.

Know his land laws. Pull a stump at prising once in a while.

Build cabins on short notice with limited materials.

Make arrests for violations of the forestry regulations.

Issue minor permits and enforce the grazing regulations.

Patrol large sections of the country under the most trying conditions, without regard to his own comfort or safety.

Make estimates of lumber tracts and scale trees.

Investigate claims and report on applications.

Take command of such temporary forest guards and laborers as may be enlisted for special emergencies.

Care for himself and his horse under

## Mind, Time and Trouble Savers!

### FLASHES OF THOUGHT DURING MOMENTS OF LEISURE

When politicians entice thee consent thou not.

Believe all you hear about Lunn's Weekly, good, bad, and indifferent.

If any person tells you Lunn was bought believe it till you hear the other side of the story, and you will soon hear

As well place a burglar watchman of a bank as franchise seekers to guard the peoples interests in Parliament.

If you do not see what you want in these columns ask for it. We have it in stock.

Since assuming responsibility the task becomes more burdensome.

the most trying conditions.

Make a month's provision into a compact pack that he can take with him when he goes for a long jaunt into the wild.

And by no means least, if last, he able to cook and bake bread that won't give him indigestion.

Of course, this is only a very general outline of the main things that are expected of a ranger. When it comes to the little ones, no ordinary jack-of-all-trades is to be compared with him. And above everything else he must be brave, tactful and healthy. He must be able to handle all sorts of people and "get away" with many a desperate situation.

Considering all that is required of these rangers, it is little wonder that more of them are needed and wanted. For instance, the average area covered by each man in Washington and Oregon exceeds 50,000 acres, and in many instances contains timber to a value of \$3,000,000.

It can be understood, therefore, why the American forestry association has been making, recently, an effort to secure more of these guardians and improvers of the \$1,500,000,000 worth of lumber land. Purely on a preventive basis, it is figured that the more trails are cut through the woodland, the more telephone wires are put up, the closer the patrols, the less likely are outlaws that will sweep away millions of dollars' worth of property.

Therefore, the ranger will probably see himself increase greatly in numbers in the next few years. And, as in the past, he is likely to be recruited from all walks of life, for the desire to get out into the open, where the soul can expand and the body can gratify its love for exercise and excitement.

Cowboys, college graduates, miners and countrymen in general, westerners who have been used to the wide frontier, form the bulk of the recruits to this new service. Since the "patrolers" have become so prosaic a class,

By the way, we never hear anything about that lower rate of taxation now.

Which is the most valuable asset to a country, a good human being or a good animal? Ask the Government Agricultural department.

They say a good crop of maple wax and sugar is assured.

Don't grumble about April snows, it is the poor man's top-dressing.

If you cannot fish through the ice buy Labrador herring.

The base ball, the call's bowl, and the lamb's beat, arrive about the same time.

Hot cross buns, fishing lines and guns were in order Good Friday.

good many of these, with a yearning for real adventure, have taken to ranging, particularly in those districts where the government lets out grazing rights.

In some places, indeed, the ranger is as much of a cowpuncher as a forester. The government allows so many cattle to so much land, and the ground is carefully apportioned. Then the ranger must see that all regulations are observed, that the live stock doesn't get mixed, and that the various herds keep to the positions allotted to them.

The camps of the men must adjoin streams, so that they will have no trouble in getting water when the emergency arises. The highest points are used as lookouts, and the men ride from one lookout to another in their own districts.

But it must be remembered that a man cannot go in another man's territory without orders from his chief. If he roves a fire in another district, he phones to the ranger of that section. All the rangers' camps are connected by telephone. And that means that the men have great difficulty in keeping the wires up. However, that doesn't so much matter, for they are never idle, anyhow.

Now comes still another of the ranger's manifold duties. He must keep a diary of everything that happens, just where he was, what he did, whom he saw, and what they said. In this way every man is a detective. If one meets another on the roadway, it must be noted by both. If they just pass and say "Hello," each writes "Hello" in his book. Or if one ranger carries an important message, he jots down just what he said, and the answers. The men never know when the supervisor will demand their books and compare them.

Though they are widely separated they have no chance to loaf. If they go fishing they don't know when another will pass by. The record in his book would then read, "Passed Bill Long fishing. I said 'Hello' and he said 'Hello.'"

Indeed, the ranger must get his pleasure out of his work, because it is work, work, work all the time. They even have to cook their own meals. A man has to pack enough supplies and bedding on one horse to do him for a month. The provender consists of bacon, flour, dried fruit, condensed milk, sugar, ham, beans, baking soda and bannocks. It might be interesting to know that the rangers are fond of baking, and use 50 pounds of flour on a trip. After the first of September they are permitted to shoot, and then they may have venison for a treat.

Different lines of work are mapped out for each season of the year. In April new trails are laid out for the sheep and cattle. Then the men get ready for the fire season, and early in July go to the headquarters and get enough supplies to last for two months. And for all this the salary ranges from \$720 to \$1500 a year. The supervisor, who has charge of an entire forest, is paid from \$2500 to \$3000 a year. The rangers must furnish and feed their own horses. The supervisors are reimbursed for actual living expenses when on field duty away from their headquarters.—Phila. North American

## WORLD'S STUDENTS AT TRURO'S AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Following is the list of young men and women who, yesterday completed another year of their two-term course at the Agricultural College at Truro. It will be seen that many of them have their homes in the British empire, and some are from the United States—

### Juniors 1910-11.—(46 in number)

- Hugh C. Blackmore, North River, Colchester county
- Charles A. Brown, Ten Mile Place, Regent Park, Glasgow, Scotland
- Fvor K. Bat, Waterville, Kings county
- William C. Chisholm, Loch Lomond, Richmond county
- Andrew C. Christie, Valley Station, Colchester county
- John E. Campbell, Truro, Colchester county
- Evan Cameron, South Brookfield, Queens county
- C. Earle Chute, Waterville, Kings county
- Claude Chappelle, Amherst, Cumberland county
- Warren Churchill, Yarmouth, Yarmouth county
- H. L. Cunningham, Tatamagouche, Colchester county
- William W. Dickson, Chatham, New Brunswick
- Harold U. Dodwell, Middleton, Annapolis county
- Vernon Durling, Lawrenceton, Annapolis county
- Carl M. Dickie, Kentville, Kings county
- W. H. Dearborne, Boylston, Massachusetts, U. S. A.
- G. Denton, Rossway, Digby county
- Cyril Henry, Kingston, Jamaica

- Myron Johnson, Newton Mills, Colchester county
- Harry Johnson, Newton Mills, Colchester county
- Gilford Lantz, Cambridge, Hants county
- David Moore, Shubenacadie, Hants county
- Fred. M. McKenzie, Nerepis, New Brunswick
- Alexander McDonald, West Merigomish, Pictou county
- Scott McDonnell, Port Hood, Inverness county
- Earle Smith, Hill, Parrsboro, Cumberland county
- U. V. Smyth, England
- Cuthbert Shipton, Moschelle, Annapolis county
- Morris A. Scovill, Gascoche, New Brunswick
- Otto Schafheitlin, Canning, Kings county
- Paul Vroom, St. Stephen, New Brunswick
- Arthur Mutch, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island
- Henry W. Campbell, Truro
- Charles S. Weber, 25 Lorencester Place, Kensington, England
- B. R. Coyth, Kentville, Kings county
- A. G. Pemberton, Ireston Hall, Barry St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England
- L. A. Higgs, Nappan Station, Cumberland county
- Malcom A. Stuart, Belle River, Prince Edward Island

- Aubrey A. Archibald, Upper Musquodoboit, Halifax county
- George E. Becking, Teeswater, Ontario
- F. Mason, Beechcroft, Crowlors, Sussex, England
- Miss Tod, Miss Mason, Miss Buchanan, Mrs. Dearborne.
- Seniors 1910-11.—(17 in number.)
- Donald Chipman, Yarmouth, Yarmouth county
- G. D. Colpitts, Truro, Colchester county
- Richard Creed, Albion, Prince Edward Island
- E. S. Leonard, Paradise, Annapolis county
- G. Magee, Truro, Colchester county
- W. L. McFarlane, Fox Harbor, Cumberland county
- W. G. Oulton, Louisville, Cumberland county
- J. H. Ross, River John, Pictou county
- Austin Scales, St. Eleanor's, Prince Edward Island
- B. P. Webster, Edinburgh, Scotland
- W. L. Faulkner, Stellarton, Pictou county
- P. Max Kuhn, Dartmouth, Halifax county
- John A. Black, Villagedale, Shelburne county
- John R. Cunningham, Bayhead, Colchester county
- John Baynes, Truro, Colchester county
- J. M. McKenzie, Hartsville, Prince Edward Island.
- G. E. O'Brien, Hebron, Yarmouth county